

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Young Lords"

(feat. Joell Ortiz, Pumpkinhead, CF, Panama Alba)

*[Immortal Technique:]*

New to the world, fresh out the barrio, I was an outlaw rebel, out of my mind, young and wild, my existence defined in one word: Survive!

*[Verse 1: Joell Ortiz]*

If it could be sold, I can sell it, If it can't, that's cool  
I'll fix it up make it look good enough to catch some fools  
It started when I was young with my genesis games  
He traded me John Madden for--I don't remember the name  
But it was weak though, the streets though, they play with perico  
So Tito became my hijo, he had cheap blow  
And each O like three, four times, I flipped ones  
But it's evil, the people I deal with'll stick nuns  
With big guns, the diesel that diesel never change  
The custies still nod like they agree with everything  
The weed ain't the same, all the colors is new  
It ain't just green, the haze is purple and them berries is blue  
I don't care if it was pink, as long as they still smoking  
I had them bags packed until they damn near open  
The hustle's in my veins, I could bleed in a pot  
And make a soup that'd go for 10 dollars a pop

*[Immortal Technique:]*

In la calle, a collision course with incarceration, consumed by the lies of the streets, they were an illusion but I  
awoke caged like an animal

*[Verse 2: Pumpkinhead]*

They got me locked in a cell where I'm feeling like an experiment  
My spirit sharper than lasers they used to build pyramids  
Writing on the walls keep me sane  
Knuckle push-ups on the concrete, till I bleed out the pain  
Thoughts of my freedom lingering in my brain  
I'm stronger and much quicker I appreciate the gain  
Building with my a-alike, brown power reunite  
Tattoos of my flag, PR pride Jesus Christ  
But I wouldn't wish this on my worst enemy  
So when I'm free I'll teach and spread the speech  
Of how they try to divide us (to make us weak)  
Find us (and break a piece) So I gotta  
(To make a peace) honest (I play for keeps)  
This is the life of your forefathers that fought hard  
Four corners of backyards, power in numbers  
So they subtract us and add bars  
If they want it, we gonna take 'em to war  
We not a gang or a clique, we Young Lords!

*[Immortal Technique:]*

I came to my senses, un esclavo no soy (I am not a slave), that is not my past, I came to know me and my people, red brown and black, helped me paint the future.

*[Verse 3: CF]*

The world got a template, to turn us into inmates caged in a state pen,  
Man, fuck going to penn state,  
Bonded to slave ships to punch in your timecard,  
Walk my oasis spacing jungle behind bars,  
Got my epiphany like Malcolm X,  
Prison to the bricks, but I'm stuck in this global house arrest,  
I'm a free man so I changed my mannerisms,  
This Greenspan system wanna dent my activism,  
Estilo machetero get my people out the ghetto,  
21st century grito de alar estate quieto (stay calm),  
We vocal minorities, no pookie man trail,  
Guess the local authorities to be the Ho Chi Minh trail,  
From robbing bodegas and boosting like low-lives,  
The medium figures choking the four five,  
Revolutionary gangsters in your presence,  
Trying to dead us through cancer, through chemical testing!

*[Immortal Technique:]*

Unidos por fin! (Finally, united!) We seize the time, free at last, learn to love, live to fight, not just for me, but for others, teach the new blood, and live for freedom!

*[Verse 4: Immortal Technique]*

I survived the COINTELPRO assassinations  
AIDS epidemic crack era fractured a nation  
The interpretation of American democracy  
Is best exemplified in its foreign policy dichotomy  
I live a double-life of political philosophy  
But revolution follows me, the struggle for equality  
Against the morally bankrupt, claiming to be born again  
It's a civil war again, like MS-13's origin  
Banned ethnic studies claiming our culture will swallow them  
But you can't conquer people and build a country on top of them  
And then feel offended that they breathe the same oxygen  
Your family values lack the wisdom of Solomon  
But Operation Condor and Operation Bootstrap  
Are Poli Sci 101 research for the New Jack  
It's hard to reach, Communist Utopia tomorrow  
When your hands are in a fucking glass jar like Che Guevara  
Forget the distorted historical facts you were given  
Slave trade was the capital for capitalism  
Trapped in a prison mentally, dying existentially  
Separated from people you can't see yourself to be  
Then racially integrated into a burning house  
Colony of an empire, economically burning out  
Can't win a debate, so they sponsor every threat to me  
I wonder if Agent 800 is standing next to me

In Puerto Rico, the main problem we have es que somos colonia (is that we are a colony) we are a colony, we are fighting for freedom, because we will not be a slave nation for [?] the struggle here is to make universities the

struggle here is in the community, it's against the police and violence, it's against discrimination, it's against the crime against humanity on this beautiful Caribbean Island, this is [?] Young lords, revolutionary always, from San Juan, Puerto Rico, Que viva Puerto Rico libre! (Long Live a free Puerto Rico!)